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IN A NUTSHELL!

A RECORD NEVER APPROACHED.

DURING 1888 THE WORLD HAS PRINTED

and sold ten copies for every family in the

United States—Two copies for nearly every

man, woman and child.

The total estimated circulation of all the

1,423 daily papers in the United States is

only fourteen times that of THE WORLD.

The total weight of all THE WORLDS printed

during the past year exceeds seventeen

million pounds, and would have required a

freight train five miles long to transport them

to any single place on earth.

The past year had only 31,622,400 seconds,

but it had over 104,473,650 WORLDS,

or nearly four WORLDS for every second in

the year.

What Other Newspaper Printed

HALF AS MANY

Copies During 1888 and What Are the

Exact Figures?

LITTLE FARRAGUT'S DEATH.

THE BRIEF CAREER OF A VERY YOUNG

MEMBER OF THE GRAND ARMY.

He Was Born on Last Memorial Day and

Was at Once Elected a Member of Far-

ragut Post—His Funeral Took Place To-

day, the Post's Commander Conducting

the Services—Last Seven Months and

Eleven Days Old.

RIRTH.

WORTMANN.—G. A. R. R. WILLIAM OTTO FARRAGUT

WORTMANN was born at 7:51 A. M., on Decoration

day, at 1537 1st Ave., Murray Hill, New York.

His father, Mr. W. H. Wortmann, is a

well-known merchant.

DIED.

WORTMANN.—At 1537 1st Ave., FARRAGUT WORT-

MANN, honorary member of Farragut Post, No. 75,

G. A. R., aged 7 months 11 days.

[Jan. 12, 1889.]

Farragut Wortmann, who was the youngest

member of the Grand Army of the Republic,

was laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery this

afternoon.

There was no military pomp, only Com-

mander Robert S. Helferty and a few mem-

bers of Farragut Post, No. 75, being in at-

tendance at the funeral.

But there was deep and sincere grief among

the stalwart men who had passed through

many a fiery ordeal in the trying times of the

war of the rebellion.

Last Memorial Day Comrade Henry Wort-

mann, of 1537 First Avenue, was late in re-

porting for the great parade, and when Com-

mander Helferty asked him why he was late,

he replied that a boy had been born to him

during the morning.

Call him Farragut and we will forgive you,"

replied his chief. And the babe was christened

William Otto Farragut.

At next meeting of Farragut Post, No. 75,

the youthful Farragut was elected to hono-

rary membership, and a neatly engrossed cer-

tificate to that effect now hangs on the wall

of Henry Wortmann's home.

Farragut was the recipient of nume-

rous gifts of druggs, toys and other

martial things, which were stowed away to

await his arrival at the age of nine.

Now they will go to his older brother,

Henry, for the little veteran has succumbed

to attacks of measles and inflammation of the

lungs.

It was a sweet, round face that was seen

through the glass lid of the casket to-day;

whiter than the lace trimmings, except that

the lips were that deep, deep red, which in-

dicated the disease from which the little suf-

ferer had died after three weeks illness.

Farragut Post met last evening, and with

tearful eyes and sad faces decided unani-

mously to attend little Farragut's funeral in

a body. But the father put in an appear-

ance and on behalf of his stricken wife asked

that the action be rescinded.

This was done, but the baby veteran was

buried in a veteran, Commander Helferty

conducting the ceremony, while comrades

stood about with bowed heads and wept.

On the casket plate was inscribed simply:

FARRAGUT WORTMANN,

Died Jan. 11, 1889.

Aged 7 months, 11 days.

Such is the brief history of the youngest

member of Farragut Post.

To Discuss the Single Tax.

Louis F. Post will address the Manhattan Sin-

gle Tax Club at 8 St. Mark's place, on the ques-

tion of the "Single Tax," Sunday, Jan. 13.

After the speaker has finished a full discussion

of the subject will take place.

Feet for Kelson's Shoes.

Prominent among the candidates for Collector

of City Revenue, the position made vacant by

the death of James J. Kelson, is William P. Gro-

of the Twelfth Assembly District. Ex-County

Clark Patrick Kelson is his brother.

A BILL OF FUNNY FARE.

TID-BITS OF HUMOR AND ENTREES OF

ARTISTIC FUN.

Result of Mrs. Langtry's Scheme of Dress-

ing Ushers in Appropriate Costumes.

[From Puck.]

Usher to Manager—I've worn kilt for "Mac-

beth," red tights for "Faust," an' a bog-trot-

ter's toga for "The Lorraine;" but, by ginner!

I want you to understand this is the last straw!

An' I'm goin' to kick!

[Consistent.]

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Mrs. Darvont—They say that Miss Debit is

a beautiful amateur bareback rider. She never

uses a saddle.

Mrs. Bloodgood—Yes, and she is a beautiful

bareback walker, too. Did you see her costume

at the ball, last night?

[Unable to Kick.]

[From the New York Statesman.]

Crimsonbeak—So you eloped with the Colonel's

daughter, did you?

[Did he raise any objection?]

[Well, you know the Colonel lost a leg in the

war, so that it is impossible for him to kick.]

[A Desperate Resolve.]

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Stern Father—It is useless, sir, to ask me for

any more help. I have done all for you I shall

ever do. You can go hang yourself if you

choose.

[Scapaceous Son (wildly)—Never! I'll marry

first.]

[A Waste of Money.]

[From the Boston Transcript.]

A New York man recently paid \$75 for an al-

manac 273 years old. It was a foolish waste of

money. He might have got into a nigger mis-

tertainment for half a dollar, and some of

the niggers would have let him have his alma-

nac two or three hundred years.

[The Retort Courteous.]

[From the Hartford.]

Mrs. Mulligan—Yes, may say what yeelikes

about me daughter Mary Ann goin' on the stage,

wid short skirts, on, Mrs. Finney, O! know where

my husband spends his nights.

Mrs. Finney—Ye may know, Mrs. Mulligan,

but ye'd be ashamed to tell.

[The Best Thing to Do.]

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"What are you doing with that big stock of

skates this kind of weather?" asked a Pitts-

burgher of a hardware dealer.

[That's what's worryin' me. The weather

prophets said it would be a cold winter.]

[I'll tell you what you can do with them.]

[What?]

[Let them slide.]

[Chinese Wedding Presents.]

[From the Norwegian Herald.]

The young Emperor of China, who is soon to

be married, will be presented with one principal

wife, five subordinate wives, and seventy-five con-

cubines on the day of his marriage. Some persons

may think that such wedding presents are mu-

ch preferable to the silver butter and pickle dishes

on wedding occasions in this country, but you

can't always tell. The bride might object to

them.

[The Reason Why.]

[From the New York Herald.]

About the bar I wait, oh! bitter fate,

And watch the laden schooners passing by.

The while, with heavy sighs and looks of hate,

The owners gaze with ever-kindling eye.

Oh, helpless misery! no friend I see.

And still I linger. Do you question "Why?"

I wait because no one's invited me.

I've not a nickel—and I'm awfully dry.

[A Victim of the Almanac.]

[From the Yankee Blade.]

O patent medicine almanac!

I was a victim of thee, and a victim of limb.

With a wealth of health and a vim of limb,

To all and sundry I was a vim of limb.

But now I have the plague, and I have the plague.

And take every kind of physic,

And have a touch of sharp bronchitis,

And a raging toothache.

And I feel the awful twinges, cerebro-spinal

neuritis.

O patent medicine almanac!

I read thy fearful page:

With tears and fears and groans and moans

And shakings and shakings of age!

And now I have the vertigo,

And tumbling in the dirt I see.

Have a general blood corruption,

Loss of vigor, lack of emotion,

And I feel that I am travelling down the last

stage of consumption.

[The Holiday Spirit.]

[From the New York Herald.]

Benevolent Gentleman—Well, sonny, what

would you say if I gave you this half-dollar?

Boy—If you win a brick an' there ain't no

dies on yer.

BLOOD IN BAKER'S BASIN.

SHED IN THE HOT FAMILY FEUD OF THE

PIDCOCKS AND CLOWARDS.

A War Almost as Fierce as That of the

Hatfield-McCoy's—The Families In-

trenched on Either Side of the Baritan

Canal—Young Cloward's Bold Sortie—

Squire Abbott Takes a Hand.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 12.—Baker's Basin,

a village four miles above here, is now the

scene of a family feud which threatens to

rival in bitterness the fierce fights in West

Virginia's backwoods.

The rival clans at Baker's Basin are the

Pidcocks and Clowards, and they have been

at war for years. The Pidcocks are in-

trenched in the general store of the village,

and the Clowards are the bridge-tenders on

the Delaware and Baritan Canal, which

creeps through the place. The families re-

side on opposite sides of the stream.

One of the Clowards, a youth of seventeen,

fought a battle on the wharf with John Pid-

cock about three weeks ago, the weapons

used being shovels, and after doing each

other considerable damage, the combatants

withdrew, and a state of masterly inactivity

was then maintained on either side of the

canal.

The truce was broken again on Wednesday,

when Cloward invaded the enemy's territory,

and, posing himself in a strong position in

front of the Pidcock store, offered battle.

The elder Pidcock began the attack with

an axe handle, striking Cloward a severe

blow across the forehead, and giving a cordu-

ry appearance to the Cloward physiognomy.

Assault and assailed clinched, and after a

severe engagement both withdrew from the

field, each having lost his own and captured

the enemy's hat, and each claiming the vic-

tory.

Early Thursday morning Pidcock formed

himself into a column in front of the store,

his right resting on the low-path, with the

captured Cloward hat on his head and two

feathers plucked from the tail of his favorite

pigeon stuck in his hat as emblems of vic-

tory.

He marched triumphantly through the

village whistling "Hail to the Chief," while

his high followers rejoiced at the discom-

fiture of the foe.

Galled by this insolent display, Cloward

procured the finest plumes the turkey-cock

could afford, placed them in the crown of

the Pidcock hat, and with his spoils of the

fight of the day before, boldly crossed the

canal and confronted the exultant Pidcocks.

High words followed, and then blows,

and finally the Clowards took refuge in flight.

Pidcock and his lieutenants followed to the

Cloward homestead, battered down the door,

and entering a regular war.

Inner doors were wrenched from their

hinges, window glasses were shattered,

and the great hall was filled with the lat-

est waged. Pidcock's party finally retired.

This ended the latest battle, and great ex-

citement prevails in the neighborhood.

The Clowards, however, are not without

side-arms to be put in execution, Sampson's

destruction of the Philistines would be tame

compared to the slaughter that will make the

Clowards of Baker's Basin rock with blood.

Cloward to-day made complaint before

Squire Abbott against all the Pidcocks, and

all the latter, in turn, against Cloward, and

the Squire bound the whole lot over for trial.

[VESUVIUS BEATS THE WORLD.]

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 12.—The third official

trip of the new United States dynamite

cruiser Vesuvius was made over the new

Government course at the Delaware Break-

water yesterday.

The trial was the most successful of the

three, the vessel attaining a rate of 21.64

knots an hour, while the contract calls for

23 knots. This places the Vesuvius in the</